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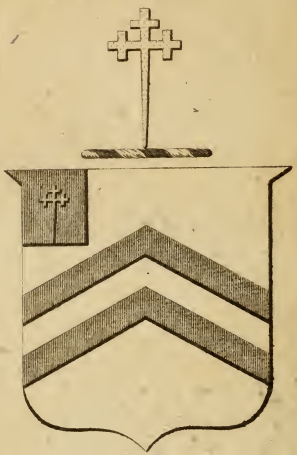

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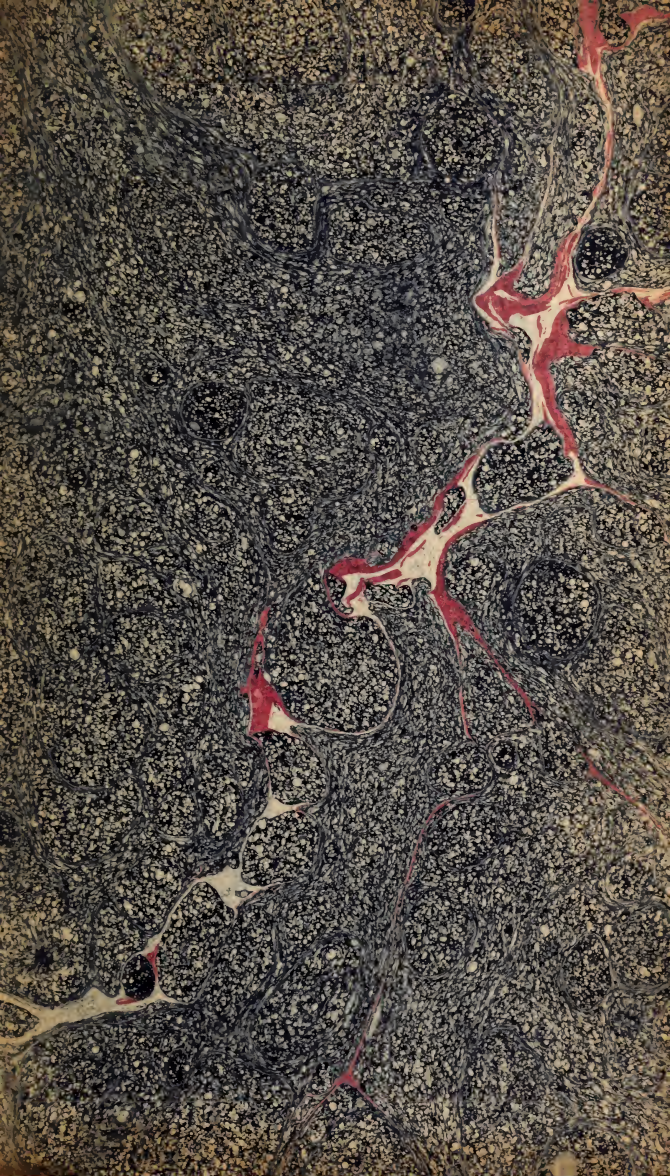

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POEMS, &c.

UPON

Several Occasions.

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BY

Mr. *JOHN MILTON:*

Both ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.
Compoſed at ſeveral times.

With a ſmall Tractate of

EDUCATION

To Mr. HARTLIB.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Dring* at the *Blew Anchor* next *Mitre Court* over againſt *Fetter Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1673.

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ERRATA.

ERRATA.

PAge 21. at the end of the Elegie should have come in the Verses *at a Vacation Exercise*, which follow afterwards, from pag. 64. to p. 68, p. 56. line 8. after *is* r. *it*, ib. l. 9. for *Colikto* r. *Colkitto*, p. 59. l. 4. for *so* r. *sow*, p. 69. l. 17. for *bank* r. *bauk*, p. 90. l. 9. for *Heccat'* r. *Hecat'*, p. 91. l. 19. leave out the Comma after *May*, and for *here* r. *hear*, p. 128. l. 3. leave out *that*. In the second part p. 43. l. 1. for *Canentam* r. *Canentem*, ibid. l. 4. for *desipuliſſet* r. *desipuiſſet*, p. 49. l. 2. for *Adamantius* r. *Adamantinus*, ibid. l. 9. for *Notat* r. *Natat*, p. 52. l. 2. for *Relliques* r. *Relliquias*, p. 53. l. 17, 18. a Comma after *Manes*, none after *Exululat*. Some other Errors and misspointings the Readers judgement may correct.

ON THE MORNING OF Christ's Nativity.

I.

THis is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a Preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrein,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And and all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons (bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eaſtern rode
The Star-led Wiſards haſte with odours ſweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his ſecret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:

It

It was no seaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun her luſty Paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinfull blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She ſtrikes a univerſal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battels ſound
Was heard the World around

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And Kings ſate ſtill with awfull eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſpering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

VII.

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himſelf with-held his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate ſimply chatting in a ruſtick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſie keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſick ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice.
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsfull rapture took:

The Air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echo's ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia*'s ſeat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A Globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac't night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplaid,
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,

But

But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His Conſtellations ſet,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Cryſtall ſphears,
Once bleſs our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Baſe of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th'Angelike ſymphony.

XIV

For if ſuch holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckl'd vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it ſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth, and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Merey will ſit between,
Thron'd in Celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſtearing,
And Heav'n as at ſome Feſtivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſayes no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling Infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorifie:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep, (deep.
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder through the

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agaſt
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the center ſhake;

When

When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfet is,
But now begins; for from this happy
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent,
With flowre-inwov'n treſſes torn
The Nimphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In conſecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill Marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted ſeat.

XXII.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forſake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Paleſtine*,
And mooned *Aſhtaroth*,
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now ſits not girt with Tapers holy ſhine,
The Libyc *Hammon* ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshowr'd Grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:

Our

Our Babe to ſhew his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale,
Troop to th'infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt,
Hath laid her Babe to reſt.
Time is our tedious Song ſhould here have ending:
Heav'ns youngeſt teemed Star,
Hath fixt her poliſht Car,
Her ſleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

A Para-

A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114.

This and the following *Psalm* were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHen the blest seed of *Terah*'s faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighties hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm

Psalm 136.

LEt us with a gladsom mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, *&c.*

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
For his, *&c.*

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his, *&c.*

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, *&c.*

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, *&c.*

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, *&c.*

And caus'd the Golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-claſping hand,
Smote the firſt-born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, &c.

And in deſpight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Iſrael*.
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, &c.

The flouds ſtood ſtill like Walls of Glaſs,
While the Hebrew Bands did paſs.
For, &c.

But full ſoon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For, &c.

His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſtfull Wilderneſs.
For, &c.

In bloudy battel he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his hoſt,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coaſt.
For, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For, &c.

And to his Servant *Iſrael*,
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in in our miſery.
For, &c.

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.
For, &c.
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasted,
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boistrous rape th'Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his queſt, there ceaſt his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy corse corrupts in earths dark wombe,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,

Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
Oh no? for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hovereſt
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.)
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd roofe
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth
And cam'st again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth!
Or that cown'd Matron ſage white-robed truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world ſome good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoaſt,
Who having clad thy ſelf in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed ſeat didſt poaſt,
And after ſhort abode flie back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire.

X.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe
To turn Swift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the mother of ſo ſweet a child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;

Think

Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do he will an off-ſpring give,
That till the worlds laſt-end ſhall make thy name to live.

The Paſſion.

I.

ERe-while of Muſick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry ſolſtice like the ſhortn'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my Harp to notes of ſaddeſt wo,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeaſe er'e long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe then ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Moſt perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These lateſt scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound,
His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the rest *Cremona*'s Trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
And letters where my tears have washt a wanniſh white.

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes milde,
And I (for grief is easily beguild)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinisht.

On Time.

FLy envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy ſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is falſe and vain,
And meerly mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt entomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme Throne
Of him, t'whoſe happy-making ſight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided ſoul ſhall clime,
Then all this Earthy groſneſs quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon the Circumciſion.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erſt with Muſick, and triumphant ſong
Firſt heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtill no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow,
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to ſeaſe!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediles
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;
And that great Cov'nant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Intirely ſatisfi'd,

And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a ſolemn Muſick.

BLeſt pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Siſters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent,
That undiſturbed Song of pure concent,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With Saintly ſhout, and ſolemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Pſalms

Singing

Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfet Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester*.

THis rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Besides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More then she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alass too soon,

After

After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Bin as compleat as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorsless cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The haples Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languisht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip
Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
Who onely thought to crop the flowr
New shot up from vernal showr;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funerall.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
That to give the world encrease,
Shortned hast thy own lives lease;
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weept for thee in *Helicon*,

And ſom Flowers, and ſome Bays,
For thy Hears to ſtrew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy vertuous name;
Whilſt thou bright Saint high ſit'ſt in glory.
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who after yeers of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the booſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

SONG.

SONG.

On May Morning.

NOw the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On *Shakespear*. 1630.

HWHat needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.

For

For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of it ſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And ſo Sepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tomb would wiſh to die.

On the Univerſity Carrier, who ſickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, *by reaſon of the Plague.*

HEre lies old *Hobſon*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And ſurely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;

But

But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had tane up his lateſt Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it ſhall be ſed,
Hobſon has ſupt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the ſame.

HEre lieth one who did moſt truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his deſtiny never to rot
While he might ſtill jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceaſt, he ended ſtrait,
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;

Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſtned on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he ſickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I may not carry, ſure I'le ne're be fetch'd,
But vow though the croſs Doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He di'd for heavineſs that his Cart went light,
His leaſure told him that his time was com,
And lack of load, made his life burdenſom,
That even to his laſt breath (ther be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he ſpent his date
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this ſuperſcription.

L' Allegro.

HEnce loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn.
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhreiks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;
There under *Ebon* ſhades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as ſom Sager ſing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring.
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And freſh-blown Roſes waſht in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckſom, blith, and debonair.
Haſte thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Com, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to com in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,

Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the ſtack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbring morn,
From the ſide of ſom Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Som time walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thouſand Liveries dight,
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whiſtles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the Lantskip round it meaſures,

Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt:
Meadows trim with Daiſies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it ſees
Booſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps ſom beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of Hearbs, and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bowre ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Some times with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound

To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſed,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His ſhadowy Flale hath threſh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſie humm of men,

Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the priſe,
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend,
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If *Jonſons* learned Sock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear* fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verſe
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linckt ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;

Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

HEnce vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

But

But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black ſtaid Wiſdoms hue.
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnons* ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore,
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter ſhe (in *Saturns* raign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida*'s inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Com penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtick train,

And

And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
And adde to these retired leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While

While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th'accuſtom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt Melancholy!
Thee Chauntreſs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her higheſt noon,
Like one that had bin led aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth.
Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or the Belmans drowſie charm,
To bleſs the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſphear.
The ſpirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,

Drew Iron tears down *Pluto*'s cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear,
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.

And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome Brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gariſh eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth ſing.
And the Waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let ſom ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy ſtream,
Of lively portrature diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſom ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th'unſeen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale.
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Moſſy Cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every Herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like Prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'ſt at eeve, when all the Woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the Lovers heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of Day,
First heard before the ſhallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if *Jove*'s will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in ſom Grove ny:
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief; yet hadſt no reaſon why,
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,

E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco.
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'inſiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno,
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi amor meco inſu la lingua ſuella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſſ' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia

Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna;
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei voſtr'occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſenti pria)
Da qual lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo indubbio ſono,

Madonna

Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono]
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d' invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra ſonora, e delle muſe :
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII.

How ſoon hath time the ſuttle theef of youth,
Soln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer !
My haſting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripenes doth much leſs appear,
That ſom more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure eev'n,
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spred thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad *Electra*'s Poet had the power
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hast shun'd the broad-way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,

Choſen thou haſt, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feaſtfull friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of *Englands* Counſel, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee.
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till the ſad breaking of that Parlament
Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
At *Cheronea*, fatal to liberty
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flouriſht, yet by you,
Madam, me thinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI.

A Book was was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colikitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp; (Greek.
When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;

That

That bawle for freedom in their fenceleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we ſee
For all this waſt of wealth, and loſs of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes, *on his Aires.*

XIII.

Harry whoſe tuneful and well meaſur'd Song
Firſt taught our Engliſh Muſick how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas* Ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth aire couldſt humor beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe, and Verſe muſt ſend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'ſt their happieſt lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Then his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

XIV. When

XIV.

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt ſoul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthy load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth ſever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpeak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

On the late Maſſacher in Piemont.

XV.

Avenge O Lord thy ſlaughter'd Saints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old
When all our Fathers worſhip't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold

Slain

Slayn by the bloody *Piemonteſe* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſo
O're all th' *Italian* fields where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant: that from theſe may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XVI.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my Soul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leaſt he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who beſt
Bear his milde yoak, they ſerve him beſt, his State
Is Kingly. Thouſands at his bidding ſpeed
And poſt o're Land and Ocean without reſt:
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and waite.

XVII.

XVII.

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, And spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII.

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish *Themis*, with with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.

To

To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XIX.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Fifth Ode of Horace. *Lib.* I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, *Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.*

WHat slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bindst thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoyes thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant alwayes amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

AD PYRRHAM. Ode *V.*

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros..

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, *sub antro?*
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, & aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. miseri quibus
Intentata nites. me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Anno

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part* Latin, *part* English. *The* Latin *speeches ended, the* English *thus began.*

HAil native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trippings,
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
Where he had mutely sate two years before:
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The dainteſt dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new fangled toys, and triming slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,

But

But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And wearie of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soare
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
Look in, and see each blissful Deitie
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;

Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wiſe *Demodocus* once told
In ſolemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feaſt,
While ſad *Ulliſſes* ſoul and all the reſt
Are held with his melodious harmonie
In willing chains and ſweet captivitie.
But fie my wandring Muſe how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my Roome.

Then Ens *is repreſented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his Canons, which* Ens *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

GOod luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth;
Thy drowſie Nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt lie;

And

And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt, ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible,
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wiſely could preſage,
And in times long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Fore-ſaw what future dayes ſhould bring to paſs,
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.
O're all his Brethren he ſhall Reign as King,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers ſhall depend for Cloathing.

To find a Foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And peace ſhall lull him in her flowry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his dore
Devouring war ſhall never ceaſe to roare:

Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality, *ſpake in Proſe, then* Relation *was call'd by his Name.*

RIvers ariſe; whether thou be the Son,
Of utmoſt *Tweed*, or *Ooſe*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like ſome earth-born Giant ſpreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or ſullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* ſwift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
Or Coaly *Tine*, or antient hollowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* ſmooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*.

The reſt was Proſe.

On the new forcers of Conſcience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

BEcauſe you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie
To ſeiſe the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whoſe ſin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford?*
Men whoſe Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with *Paul*
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By ſhallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d' ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wors then thoſe of *Trent*,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholſom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And ſuccour our juſt Fears
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but *Old Prieſt* writ Large.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby *at* Harefield, *by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.*

1. SONG.

LOok Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:
This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting

Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddes bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd?

As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

Gen. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluse,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment

To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove.
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire looking Planet smites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd groun'd,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

With

With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs,
But els in deep of night when drowſines
Hath lock't up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial *Sirens* harmony,
That ſit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the Adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Neceſſity*,
And keep unſteddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch muſick worthieſt were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds, yet as we go,
What ere the skill of leſſer gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
Where ye may all that are of noble ſtemm
Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſtures hemm.

2. *SONG.*

2. *SONG.*

O'Re the ſmooth enamel'd green
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching Elm-Star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits
Clad in ſplendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

3. *SONG.*

NYmphs and Shepherds dance no more
By ſandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loſs deplore,
A better ſoyl ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,

Here

Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Miſtreſs were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas*, 1637. *And by occaſion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.*

YEt once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſear,
I com to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compells me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas*? he knew

Himſelf

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,

From

From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damœtas* lov'd to hear our ſong.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and deſert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy ſoft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When firſt the White Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loſs to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye Nymphs when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas?*
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?
What could the Muſe her ſelf that *Orpheus* bore,

The

The Muſe her ſelf for her inchanting ſon
Whom Univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* ſhore.

Alaſs! What boots it with unceſſant care
To end the homely ſlighted Shepherds trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe,
Were it not better don as others uſe,
To ſport with *Amaryllis* in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of Noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreds aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfet witnes of all-judging *Jove*;

As

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune*'s plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

Ah!

Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,

But

But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf ſuck the honied ſhowres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primroſe that forſaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geſſamine,
The white Pink, and the Panſie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-roſe, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.

Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial Song,
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There

There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet Societies
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern Bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

A MASK

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shape
Of bright aereal Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire

To

To lay their juſt hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To ſuch my errand is, and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure Ambroſial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. *Neptune* beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt Flood, and each ebbing ſtream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Ilés
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boſom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
The greateſt, and the beſt of all the main
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-ſpring nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers ſtate,
And new-entruſted Scepter, but their way

Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.
Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
Crush't the sweet poyson of misused Wine
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listed,
On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,

At laſt betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbowr'd,
Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Traveller,
His orient Liquor in a Cryſtal Glaſs,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taſte
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemperate thirſt)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th'expreſs reſemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into ſom brutiſh form of Woolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roule with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to paſs through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing *S*tar,
I ſhoot from Heav'n to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my skie robes ſpun out of *Iris* Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,

That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft Pipe, and ſmooth dittied Song.
Well knows to ſtill the wilde winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving Woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent ayd
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull ſteps, I muſt be viewles now.

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glaſs in the other, with him a rout of Monſters, headed like ſundry ſorts of wilde Beaſts, but otherwiſe like Men and Women, their Apparel gliſtering, they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold.
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantick* ſtream,
And the ſlope Sun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the Eaſt.
Mean while welcom Joy, and Feaſt,

Midnight

Midnight ſhout, and revelry,
Tipſie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with roſie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
Lead in ſwift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin

Which theſe dun ſhades will ne're report,
Hail Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport
Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t'whom the ſecret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; myſterious Dame
That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpets her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'ſt with *Hecat*', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eaſtern ſcout,
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* ſteep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun diſcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantaſtick round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of ſom chaſt footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin ſure

(For

(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art)
Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I ſhall e're long
Be well ſtock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the ſpungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac't words of glozing courteſie
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible
Wind me into the eaſie-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick duſt,
I ſhall appear ſome harmles Villager
And hearken, if I may, her buſines here.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide

The Lady enters.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now, me thought it was the ſound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,

Such

Such as the jocond Flute, or gameſom Pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late Waſſailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe Pines,
Stept as they ſe'd to the next Thicket ſide
To bring me Berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a ſad Votariſt in Palmers weed
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of *Phœbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likelieſt
They had ingag'd their wandring ſteps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had ſtole them from me, els O theeviſh Night
Why ſhouldſt thou, but for ſom fellonious end,

In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.------
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.

Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard fartheſt
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweeteſt Nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell
By ſlow Meander's *margent green,*
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad Song mourneth well.
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in ſom flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So maiſt thou be tranſlated to the skies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Com.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath ſuch Divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomthing holy lodges in that breſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtifie his hidd'n reſidence;
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall ſmoothing the Raven doune
Of darknes till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'ſt the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madnes rob'd it of it ſelf,
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. Ile ſpeak to her
And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed
Unleſs the Goddes that in rural ſhrine

Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſt to unattending Ears,
Not any boaſt of skill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-uſhering guides?

La. They left me weary on a graſſie terf.

Co. By falſhood, or diſcourteſie, or why?

La. To ſeek i'th vally ſom cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-ſtalling night prevented them.

La. How eaſie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?

La. No leſs then if I ſhould my brothers looſe.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As ſmooth as *Hebe*'s their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In

In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink't hedger at his Supper ſate;
I ſaw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots,
Their port was more then human, as they ſtood;
I took it for a faëry viſion
Of ſom gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtrook,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the beſt Land-Pilots art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practiz'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from ſide to ſide
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your ſtray attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low rooſted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowſe, if otherwiſe
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſie,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoaky rafters, then in tapſtry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted then this, or leſs ſecure
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it,
Eie me bleſt Providence, and ſquare my triall
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd lead on.---

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontſt to love the travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit *Chaos*, that raigns here
In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſom gentle taper

Though

Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of som clay habitation visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be som solace yet som little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerous bowes.
But O that haples virgin our lost sister
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulster now
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we speak within the direful grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipl'd in vertues book,
And the ſweet peace that goodnes booſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Vertue could ſee to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdoms ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various buſſle of reſort
Were all to ruffl'd, and ſomtimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own cleer breſt
May ſit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* Tis moſt true
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a Senat houſe,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Diſh,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty like the fair Heſperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well ſpred out the unſun'd heaps
Of Miſers treaſure by an out-laws den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wilde ſurrounding waſt.
Of night, or loneline's it recks me not,
I fear the dred events that dog them both,
Leſt ſom ill greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,

Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forrests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,

Be it not don in pride, or in preſumption.
Som ſay no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blew meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magick chains at *curfew* time,
No Goblin, or ſwart Faëry of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs *Dian* her dred bow
Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen oth'Woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed *Gorgon* ſheild
That wiſe *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherwith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone?
But rigid looks of Chaſt auſterity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,

A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And link't it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is *Apollo*'s lute,

And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfet raigns. *Eld. Bro.* Liſt, liſt, I hear
Som far of hallow break the ſilent Air.

2. *Bro.* Me thought ſo too; what ſhould it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſom one like us night-founder'd here,
Or els ſom neighbour Wood-man, or at worſt,
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my ſiſter, agen, agen, and neer,
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Com not too neer, you fall on iron ſtakes elſe.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? ſpeak agen.

2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd ſure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrſis? Whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delaid
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
And ſweetn'd every muskroſe of the dale,
How cam'ſt thou here good Swain? hath any Ram
ſlipt from the fold, or young Kid loſt his dam,

Or

Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

El. Bro. What fears good *Thyrsis?* Prethee briefly shew.

Spir. Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th'heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Chimera*'s and inchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,

Deep

Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy

To meditate upon my rural minſtrelſie,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous diſſonance
At which I ceas't, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpit to the drowſie frighted ſteeds
That draw the litter of cloſe curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſtream of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're ſhe was ware, and wiſht ſhe might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac't. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear ſiſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapleſs Nightingale thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haſt
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place

Where

Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades,
How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! is this the confidence
You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last

Gather'd

Gather'd like ſcum, and ſetl'd to it ſelf
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſum'd; if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nneſs,
And earths baſe built on ſtubble. But com let's on.
Againſt th'oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this juſt ſword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the greiſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra*'s, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Empriſe,
But here thy ſword can do thee little ſtead,
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of helliſh charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durſt thou then thy ſelf approach ſo neer

As

As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmoſt ſhifts
How to ſecure the Lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That ſpreds her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing,
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken even to extaſie,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhew me ſimples of a thouſand names
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties;
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this ſoyl:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull ſwain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wiſe *Ulyſſes* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of ſov'ran uſe

'Gainſt

'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew blaſt, or damp
Or gaſtly furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſh't blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſhious liquor on the ground,
But ſeaſe his wand, though he and his curſt crew
Fierce ſigne of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit ſmoak,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrſis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
And ſom good angel bear a ſhield before us.

The Scene changes to a ſtately Palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft Muſick, Tables ſpred with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay Lady ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaſter,
And you a ſtatue, or as *Daphne* was
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*,
La. Fool do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haſte immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good.
Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds
With ſpirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,

In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst;
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,

And

And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With lickeriſh baits fit to enſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

Co. O fooliſhnes of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with ſpawn innumerable,
But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning Worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worſhipt ore, and precious gems
To ſtore her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but Freize,

Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would swel, & th'unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep,
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows.
List Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be currant, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th'injoyment of it self
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities

Where

Where moſt may wonder at the workm...
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; courſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teize the huſwifes wooll.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the the Morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
Obtruding falſe rules prankt in reaſons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impoſtor do not charge moſt innocent nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance ſhe good cateres
Means her proviſion only to the good
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare Temperance:
If every juſt man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury

Now heaps upon ſom few with vaſt exceſs,
Natures full bleſſings would be well diſpenc't
In unſuperfluous eeven proportion,
And ſhe no whit encomber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praiſe due paid, for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Cramms, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid anow? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the Sun-clad power of Chaſtity;
Fain would I ſomthing ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not know
More happineſs then this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath ſo well been taught her dazling fenee,
Thou art not fit to hear thy ſelf convinc't;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rap't ſpirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by som superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To som of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste,----

The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,

The

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtraight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who pitcous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrew'd with Aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in Ambroſial Oils till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddeſs of the River; ſtill ſhe retains
Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blaſts, and ill luck ſignes
That the ſhrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with pretious viold liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their feſtivals
Carrol her goodnes lowd in ruſtick layes,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok't in warbled Song,
For maid'nhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a Virgin ſuch as was her ſelf

In hard beſetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of ſom adjuring verſe.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſie, cool, tranſlucent wave,
In twiſted braids of Lillies knitting
The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Liſten for dear honours ſake,
Goddeſs of the ſilver lake,
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-ſhaking *Neptune*'s mace,
And *Tethys* grave majeſtick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrincled look,
And the *Carpathian* wiſards hook,
By ſcaly *Tritons* winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying *Glaucus* ſpell,
By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
And her ſon that rules the ſtrands,
By *Thetis* tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* ſweet,

By

By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea*'s golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head,
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answerd have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-Nymphs, & sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel strayes,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.

Spir.

Spir. Goddeſs dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity;
Brighteſt Lady look on me,
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breſt
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd ſeat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold,
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite*'s bowr.

Sabrina *deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her ſeat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Locrine*
Sprung of old *Anchiſes* line

May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumbled down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drouth, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl aſhoar
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us entice
With ſom other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound
Till we com to holier ground,
I ſhall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers reſidence,

Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh't preſence, and beſide
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance reſort,
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Com let us haſte, the Stars grow high,
But night ſits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow *Town and the Preſidents Caſtle, then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,*
Till next Sun-ſhine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch Court guiſe
As Mercury *did firſt deviſe*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilogizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,

The

The Graces, and the roſie-booſom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And Weſt winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Caſſia*'s balmy ſmels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and Roſes
Where young *Adonis* oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th'*Aſſyrian* Queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear *Pyſche* ſweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long,
Till free conſent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide

Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn.
But now my task is ſmoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

PSAL. I. *Done into Verſe,* 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and ith' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In jugdment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor ſinners in th'aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruine muſt.

PSAL. II. *Done* Aug. 8. 1653. *Terzetti.*

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
muſe a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth up-
With power, and Princes in their Congregations (ſtand
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I ſaith hee
anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſay'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earths utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potters veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.

And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son least he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LOrd how many are my foes
How many those
That in arms against me rise
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay

I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain:
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout,
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their Pavillions.
Riſe Lord, ſave me my God for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANſwer me when I call
God of my righteouſneſs
In ſtraights and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt prai'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn
How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood;
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut

Their ſtores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where ere I lie
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah to my words give ear
My meditation waigh
The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voyce
Shalt in the morning hear
Ith' morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedneſs delight
Evil with thee no biding makes
Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.

All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a ly
The bloodi' and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy houſe; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worſhip low
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve If I tranſgreſs
Set thy wayes right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmo
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For

For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

LOrd in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me Lord for I am much deject
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.

Depart

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh't
With much confuſion; then grow red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſt the way they came
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chuſh *the* Benjamite *againſt him.*

LOrd my God to thee I flie
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I crie,
Leaſt as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haſt to tear my Soul aſunder
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,

Or

Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not fre'd my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roul
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt and there out ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe Jehovah in thine ire
Rouze thy ſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their furi' aſſwage;
Judgment here thou didſt ingage
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each Nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the worlds foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs
And the innocence which is

Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of Heart at laſt.

God is a juſt Judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjuſt will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,

His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th' enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot
That him thou viſit'ſt and of him art found;
Scarce to be leſs then Gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honour and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
Thou haſt put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or forreſt meet.

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fiſh that through the wet
Sea-paths in ſhoals do ſlide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THou Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Josephs seed,
That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out-spread
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread
2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
And in Manasse's sight
Awake * thy strength, come, and *be seen* * *Gnorera.*
To save us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smoaking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Gnashanta.*
Against thy peoples praire.

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Shalish.*
Wherwith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw * *Jilgnagu.*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out Nations *proud and haut*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at last.*

10 With

10 With her *green* ſhade *that* cover'd *all*,
The Hills were *over-ſpread*
Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.

11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the Sea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*

12 Why haſt thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?

13 The *tuſked* Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold *us*, *but without a frown*,
And viſit this *thy* Vine.

15 Viſit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thy ſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.

16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with Axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee
To wayes of sin and shame,
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
Shall call upon thy Name.
Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God our strength sing loud, *and clear*
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
The Timbrel hither bring
The *cheerfull* Pſaltry bring along
And Harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring*,
3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty ſound*,
Th' appointed time, the day wheron
Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round*.
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve*
A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change*,
When as he paſs'd through Ægypt land;
The Tongue I heard, was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toyle*
I ſet his ſhoulder free;
His hands from pots, *and mirie ſoyle*
Deliver'd were *by me*.
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſaile,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not faile*,
And led thee out of thrall.

I anſwer'd thee in * thunder deep * *Be Sether ragnam.*
With clouds encompaſs'd round;
I tri'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear O my people, *hearkn well,*
I teſtifie to thee
Thou antient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to mee,

9 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God ſhall be
Nor ſhalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land
Ask large enough, and I, *beſought,*
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael *whom I lov'd ſo dear*
Miſlik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill
Their own deviſes blind.

13 O

13 O that my people would *be wise*
To serve me *all their daies*,
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* waies.
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they*, *his People*, *should remain*,
Their time should have no end.
16 And we would feed them *from the shock*
With flowr of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their Meat*.

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 GOd in the * great * assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States, * *Bagnadath-el.*
† Among the gods † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*
He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye * pervert the right — * *Tiſhphetu*
With * judgment falſe and wrong — *gnavel.*
Favouring the wicked *by your might.*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherleſs — * *Shiphtu-dal.*
* Diſpatch the * poor mans cauſe,
And † raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By † juſt and equal Lawes. — † *Hatzdiku.*
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on
The Earths foundations all are * mov'd
And * out of order gon. — * *Jimmotu.*
6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God moſt high
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*
8 Riſe God, * judge thou the earth *in might,*
This *wicked* earth * redreſs, — * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The Nations all poſſeſs.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou ſtill O God of *ſtrength*
We cry and do not ceaſe.

2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * ſwell
And * ſtorm outrageouſly, * *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full hie.

3 Againſt thy people they † contrive † *Jagnarimu*
† Their Plots and Counſels deep, † *Sod.*
* Them to enſnare they chiefly ſtrive * *Jithjagnatsugnal.*
* Whom thou doſt hide and keep. * *Tſephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off ſay they,
Till they no Nation be
That Iſraels name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.

5 For they conſult † with all their might, † *Levjachdau.*
And all as one in mind
Themſelves againſt thee they unite
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,

Moab, with them of Hagars blood
That in the Desart dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*
That wasted all the Coast
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabins *hoast,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repulst and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
So let their Princes speed
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said
By right now shall we seize

Gods

Gods houſes, and *will now invade*
† Their ſtately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears both.*
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtraies,
The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 * And till they * yield thee honour due; * *They ſeek thy Name*, Heb.
Lord fill with ſhame their face.
17 Aſham'd and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehova is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame*
O're all the earth *art one.*

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoasts, how dear
The *pleasant* Tabernacles are!
Where thou do'st dwell so near.

2 My Soul doth long and almost die
Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do crie,
O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a house of *rest*,
The Swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* nest,
Ev'n *by* thy Altars Lord of Hoasts
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Toward thee, My King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside
Where thee they ever praise,

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy waies.

6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground

As

As through a fruitfull watry Dale
Where Springs and Showrs abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſom cheer
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hoaſts hear *now* my praier
O Jacobs God give ear,
9 Thou God our ſhield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt*
Then *in the joyes of Vanity,*
A thouſand daies *at beſt.*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*
With Sin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them ſhall be with-held
Whoſe waies are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoaſts *that raign'ſt on high,*
That man is *truly* bleſt,

Who

Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THy Land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worſe then fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

† *Heb.* *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

6 Wilt

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice* * *Heb. Turn*
And us again * revive, *to quicken us.*
That ſo thy people may rejoyce
By thee preſerv'd alive.

7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew
Thy ſaving health to us afford
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak
I will *go ſtrait and* hear,
For to his people he ſpeaks peace
And to his Saints *full dear,*
To his dear Saints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but ſurceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.

9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand
And glory ſhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd
And hand in hand are ſet.

Truth

11 Truth from the earth *like to a flowr*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then,*
And Juſtice from her heavenly bowr
look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good
Our Land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow
His footſteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THy *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
with need, *and ſad decay.*

2 Preſerve my ſoul, for † I have trod
Thy waies, and love the juſt,
Save thou thy ſervant O my God
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.

† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

3 Pitt

3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoyce
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*,
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication Lord
give ear, and to the crie
Of my *incessant* praiers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee Lord,
And glorifie thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting Seat*
Remaineſt God alone.

11 Teach me O Lord thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite
So ſhall it never ſlide

12 Thee will I praiſe O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for ever more.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou haſt free'd my Soul
Eev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.

14 O God the proud againſt me riſe
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.

15 But thou Lord art the God moſt mild
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtil'd*
Moſt merciſull, moſt true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maids Son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see
And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac't.
2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings *faire*
Of Jacobs *Land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our forefathers yoke,

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn*,
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *wise that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks*, *and soft streams glance*
And all my fountains *clear*.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee *weep*
Before thee *prostrate lie*.

2 Into

2 Into thy presence let my praier
With sighs devout ascend
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life *at deaths uncherful dore*
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit
I am a * man, but weak alas
And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly strength*,

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead *to sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.

7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*
Full sore doth press on me;
* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, * *The* Hebr.
* And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee *from their loathsom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold*,
Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulness *unfold*?
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
E're yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my praier *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake
With terror sent from thee;
Bruz'd, and afflicted and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
Thy threatnings cut me through.
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me persue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far.
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

† *Heb. Præ Concussione.*

F I N I S.

Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA:

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
ætatis Vigesimum Conscripsit.

Nunc primum Edita.

LONDINI,
Excudebat *W. R.* Anno 1673.

HÆc quæ ſequuntur de Authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quam ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; Cum alii præſertim ut id faceret magnopere ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique quod plus æquo eſt non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

Joannes

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEde Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

ODE.

ERgimi all' Etra o Clio
Perche di ſtelle intrecciero corona
Non piu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtu celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m'addatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il ſuo valor l'umano eccede:
Queſta feconda ſa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtu rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:

Ch'

Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il ſuo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,
Chiaramente conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e in un fermin ſi gl' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e ſtoria
Furon gia, l' hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno pareggiar Permeſſo.

Te

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo impare;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del ſig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIro qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque, ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœleſtium Sphærarum ſonitus Aſtronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo deſcribitur magiſtra Philoſophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite aſſidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

Elegiarum

ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolum Diodatum.*

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium próno quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro,
Non tunc Jonio quicquam cessisset Homero
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditor senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris:
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis;
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
At ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat

Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,
Personet & totis nænia mœsta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintonienſis.

MOestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo;
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.

Et

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.

Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cæleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;
Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem ſuum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Paſtoris munere fungentem.

CUrre per immenſum ſubitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obſtet eunti,
Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides ſollicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.

At

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quámque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrêius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pierioque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus

Flammeus at ſignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti Chlori ſenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei.
Cæleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam, ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modeſtos,
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem
Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.

Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modò da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe fariſſiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere paſſus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuàmque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paraſſe duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volaſſe domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto ſolus inópſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & ſaxis fævior albis
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fætus;
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et ſinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas claũſa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,
Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Jeſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.

At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cuſtos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit & denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeri) ſperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce viresci humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo,
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.

Quid

Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc ſubeat Muſa perennis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cæleſte Boötes
Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta

Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis.
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, & hinc ticulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quáque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaëtonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum

Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Litus io Hymen, & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Natvia nocturno placat ſua ſydera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.

Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ Cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcia, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amisis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit responsum.

MItto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quám te redamémque colámque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
Festaque cœlisugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.
Quid queretis refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Miſta Thyonêo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ non ſata vitis erat.
Quid niſi vina, roſaſque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Têia Muſa modis,
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Evan,
Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum.
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
Et volat Eléo pulvere fuſcus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoſo menſa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine compoſito tres peperiſſe Deos.
Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Inſonat argutâ molliter icta manu;

Auditurque

Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
Namque Elegía levis multorum cura deorum eſt,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venuſque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduiſſe mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magiſtri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, & caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens ſacrâ, & luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per Monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu ſi quid agam, ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cæleſtis ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.

Dona

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

NOndum blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina nôctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

Astat

Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, ſed & has decuiſſe putares,
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle minas.
Et miſer exemplo ſapuiſſes tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.

Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam forte aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis:
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tàm ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui!

Forſitan

Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas prava magistra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipse Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Jordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cælo donâsse Jacobum
Quæ septemgemino Belua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ
Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quàm funesto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi ſi gloria major,
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò felíciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et

Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentam
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuliſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

Ruſticus ex Malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino;
Hic incredibili fructûs dulcedine Captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, Heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem Ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem;
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſa parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.
Læſiſſet & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela tè fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præſuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Fauſibus eripuiſſe mortis.

Colende præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

JAm pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,

Illic unamimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia Tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris.
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Troiæ.
At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur.
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna

Efflat

Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Tiphœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantius ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.
Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt:
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido notat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.

Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis.
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrinxit fune ſalaces.

Tarda

Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latius quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledicto poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ,
Thermodoontéa nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,

Signaque

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquas veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleîs dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ.
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſúmque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
Et timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes
Exululat, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
Mille fores adituque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues transflucent atria muros;
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen

Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli.
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veráque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo:
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,

Et

Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum. Præsulis Elienſis.

ADhuc madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina;
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parciùs

Turpem

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita.
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastóve nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas

Hanc

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum ſyderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam Chryſtallinam, &
Stratum ſmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
Sat eſt in æternum frui,

Naturam non pati senium.

HEu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisq; immersa profun-
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! (dis
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîsse nefas, & temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribiliseque retectâ Gorgone Pallas.

Qualis

Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cæli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitáque fœdere ruinâ
Pronus, & exinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambit os ſociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo

Mane vocans, & ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis & gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitóque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivios as torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)
Jam jam pôetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUnc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora

Volvere

Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras

Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſydereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Æneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum

Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur:
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis

Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotáque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato

Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fædiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Ἀιγύπτου λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος ἴδε γαῖα.
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε κὴ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρράωσε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ, ὁδ' ἀρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυρεοειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφιγρόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότερα δ' ἄμμε πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αὖνα θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρράωσας;
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ ἐσυφελίχθης
Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυρεοειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφιγρόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότερα τί δ' ἀρ ὑμμὲς ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες,
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐντυπέοντα
Γαῖα θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσακίδαο
Ὃς τε κὴ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ὑπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philosophus

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & innocentem inter reos forte captum insciùs damnaverat τὴν ὀπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενον hæc subitò misit.

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσης με τ' ἄνομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δρᾴσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κέρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρέπτητα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος πολιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσας.

In Effigei Ejus Sculptorem

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τλῶδε μὴ εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτερεῖς βλέπων
Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπωτὸν ἐκ θαγόντες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φαύλε δυσμίμημα ζωγράφε.

Ad Salfillum poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dēiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salfillo
Refer,

Refer, camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſùm ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.

Si

Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiùm siniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

Manſus.

Manſus.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo———

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſumma benevolentia proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆc quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetruſci.
Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurоſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,

Dum

Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thameſis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras,

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boōten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinēida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaērge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitâſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;

Tantùm

Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo,
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſilvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilècte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorâſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ,

Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus ad ſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecurâ pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata ſinunt) & totâ mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM

EPITAPHIUM
DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

EPITAPHIUM

DAMONIS.

HImerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan)
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſola perrerans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.
Aſt ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſedítque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,

Cœpit

Cœpit & immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropioque sales referet, cultoque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ferum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina musco,
Hîc Zephiri, hîc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon.
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et

Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus;
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humiléſque crocos, foliúmque hyacinth
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam luxerat altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſilvæ.

I

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennùmque Arviragúmque duces, priſcùmque Belinu
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptáque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitúſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibúſque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, & fuſca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipſe,
Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento;

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruscа faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsiviſſe sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicunque vocaris,

Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylvíſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Letáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgìa Thyrſo.

Jan. 23.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad *Joannem Rouſium* Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuò mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operoſâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras
Nunc Britannica per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antiſtrophe.

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;

Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Fugat Apollineâ phareträ,
Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo teréris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculî, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam sacris

Voluit

Voluit reponi quibus & ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Iön Actæa genitus Creuſâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidóque Parnaſſi jugo:
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſi,
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis unâ demum epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ στίχον partim ἀντιλυμβία. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, ſpondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

OF

EDUCATION.

To Master *Samuel Hartlib*.

Written above twenty Years since.

Mr. *Hartlib*,

I Am long since perswaded, that to say, or do ought worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, then simply the love of God, and of mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induc't, but by your earnest entreaties, and serious conjurements; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other assertions, the knowledge and the use of which, cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth, and

honeſt living, with much more peace. Nor ſhould the laws of any private friendſhip have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or tranſpoſe my former thoughts, but that I ſee thoſe aims, thoſe actions which have won you with me the eſteem of a perſon ſent hither by ſome good providence from a far country to be the occaſion and the incitement of great good to this Iſland. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the ſame repute with men of moſt approved wiſdom, and ſome of higheſt authority among us. Not to mention the learned correſpondence which you hold in forreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have us'd in this matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite will of God ſo ruling, or the peculiar ſway of nature, which alſo is Gods working. Neither can I think that ſo reputed, and ſo valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own diſcerning ability, impoſe upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument, but that the ſatisfaction which you profeſs to have receiv'd from thoſe incidental Diſcourſes which we have wander'd into, hath preſt and almoſt conſtrain'd you into a perſwaſion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought, nor can in conſcience deferre beyond this time both of ſo much need

at

at once, and ſo much opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not reſiſt therefore, whatever it is either of divine, or humane obligement that you lay upon me; but will forthwith ſet down in writing, as you requeſt me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in ſilence preſented it ſelf to me, of a better Education, in extent and comprehenſion far more large, and yet of time far ſhorter, and of attainment far more certain, then hath been yet in practice. Brief I ſhall endeavour to be; for that which I have to ſay, aſſuredly this Nation hath extream need ſhould be done ſooner then ſpoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I ſhall ſpare; and to ſearch what many modern *Janua's* and *Didactics* more then ever I ſhall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of theſe few obſervations which have flowr'd off, and are, as it were, the burniſhing of many ſtudious and contemplative years altogether ſpent in the ſearch of religious and civil knowledge, and ſuch as pleas'd you ſo well in the relating, I here give you them to diſpoſe of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the ruines of our firſt Parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love

him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the neereſt by poſſeſſing our ſouls of true vertue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the higheſt perfection. But becauſe our underſtanding cannot in this body found it ſelf but on ſenſible things, nor arrive ſo clearly to the knowledge of God and things inviſible, as by orderly conning over the viſible and inferior creature, the ſame method is neceſſarily to be follow'd in all diſcreet teaching. And ſeeing every Nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of thoſe people who have at any time been moſt induſtrious after Wiſdom; ſo that Language is but the Inſtrument conveying to us things uſefull to be known. And though a Linguiſt ſhould pride himſelf to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the world into, yet, if he have not ſtudied the ſolid things in them as well as the Words & Lexicons, he were nothing ſo much to be eſteem'd a learned man, as any Yeoman or Tradeſman competently wiſe in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many miſtakes which have made Learning generally ſo unpleaſing and ſo unſucceſsful; firſt we do amiſs to ſpend ſeven or eight years meerly in ſcraping together ſo much

much miſerable Latine and Greek, as might be learnt otherwiſe eaſily and delightfully in one year. And that which caſts our proficiency therein ſo much behind, is our time loſt partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to Schools and Univerſities, partly in a prepoſterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of Children to compoſe Theams, Verſes and Orations, which are the acts of ripeſt judgment and the final work of a head fill'd by long reading and obſerving, with elegant maxims, and copious invention. Theſe are not matters to be wrung from poor ſtriplings, like blood out of the Noſe, or the plucking of untimely fruit: beſides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing againſt the Latin and Greek *idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious converſing among pure Authors digeſted, which they ſcarce taſte, whereas, if after ſome preparatory grounds of ſpeech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in ſome choſen ſhort book leſſon'd throughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the ſubſtance of good things, and Arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the moſt rational

and

and moſt profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may beſt hope to give account to God of our youth ſpent herein: And for the uſual method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old errour of Univerſities not yet well recover'd from the Scholaſtick groſsneſs of barbarous ages, that in ſtead of beginning with Arts moſt eaſie, and thoſe be ſuch as are moſt obvious to the ſence, they preſent their young unmatriculated Novices at firſt comming with the moſt intellective abſtractions of Logick and Metapyſicks: So that they having but newly left thoſe Grammatick flats and ſhallows where they ſtuck unreaſonably to learn a few words with lamentable conſtruction, and now on the ſudden tranſported under another climate to be toſt and turmoil'd with their unballaſted wits in fadomleſs and unquiet deeps of controverſie, do for the moſt part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their ſeveral wayes, and haſten them with the ſway of friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity; Some allur'd to the trade of Law, grounding their purpoſes

purpoſes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of juſtice and equity which was never taught them, but on the promiſing and pleaſing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with ſouls ſo unprincipl'd in vertue, and true generous breeding, that flattery, and Court ſhifts and tyrannous Aphoriſms appear to them the higheſt points of wiſdom; inſtilling their barren hearts with a conſcientious ſlavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fain'd. Others laſtly of a more delicious and airie ſpirit, retire themſelves knowing no better, to the enjoyments of eaſe and luxury, living out their daies in feaſt and jollity; which indeed is the wiſeſt and the ſafeſt courſe of all theſe, unleſs they were with more integrity undertaken. And theſe are the fruits of miſpending our prime youth at the Schools and Univerſities as we do, either in learning meer words or ſuch things chiefly, as were better unlearnt.

I ſhall detain you no longer in the demonſtration of what we ſhould not do, but ſtrait conduct ye to a hill ſide, where I will point ye out the right path of a vertuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the firſt aſcent, but elſe ſo ſmooth, ſo green, ſo full of goodly

proſpect,

prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more adoe to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubbs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, then we have now to hale and drag our choisest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tendereſt and most docible age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve, and one and twenty, less time then is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First to find out a spatious house and ground about it fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other house of Schollership, except it be

be ſome peculiar Colledge of Law, or Phyſick, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for thoſe general ſtudies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Maſter of Art, it ſhould be abſolute. After this pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this uſe, as ſhall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the encreaſe of Learning and Civility every where. This number, leſs or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, ſhould divide their daies work into three parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exerciſe, and their Diet.

For their Studies, Firſt they ſhould begin with the chief and neceſſary rules of ſome good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their ſpeech is to be faſhion'd to a diſtinct and clear pronuntiation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, eſpecially in the Vowels. For we *Engliſhmen* being far Northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are obſerv'd by all other Nations to ſpeak exceeding cloſe and inward: So that to ſmatter Latine with an Engliſh mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French.

French. Next to make them expert in the uſefulleſt points of Grammar, and withall to ſeaſon them, and win them early to the love of vertue and true labour, ere any flattering ſeducement, or vain principle ſeiſe them wandering, ſome eaſie and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have ſtore, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic diſcourſes. But in Latin we have none of claſſic authority extant, except the two or three firſt Books of *Quintilian*, and ſome ſelect pieces elſewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them ſuch Lectures and Explanations upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, enflam'd with the ſtudy of Learning, and the admiration of Vertue; ſtirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may deſpiſe and ſcorn all their childiſh, and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exerciſes: which he who hath the Art, and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual perſwaſions, and what with the intimation of ſome fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a ſhort ſpace gain them to an incredible diligence and courage

rage: infuſing into their young breſts ſuch an ingenuous and noble ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchleſs men. At the ſame time, ſome other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of Arithmetick, and ſoon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repaſt, till bed-time their thoughts will be beſt taken up in the eaſie grounds of Religion, and the ſtory of Scripture. The next ſtep would be to the Authors *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella*, for the matter is moſt eaſie, and if the language be difficult, ſo much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occaſion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waſte that is made of good: for this was one of *Hercules* praiſes. Ere half theſe Authors be read (which will ſoon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuſe but be maſters of any ordinary proſe. So that it will be then ſeaſonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the uſe of the Globes, and all the Maps; firſt with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philoſophy.

loſophy. And at the ſame time might be entring into the Greek tongue, after the ſame manner as was before preſcrib'd in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being ſoon overcome, all the Hiſtorical Phyſiology of *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus* are open before them, and as I may ſay, under contribution. The like acceſs will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural queſtions, to *Mela*, *Celſus*, *Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having thus paſt the principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Aſtronomy*, and *Geography* with a general compact of Phyſicks, they may deſcend in *Mathematicks* to the inſtrumental ſcience of *Trigonometry*, and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Enginry, or Navigation. And in natural Philoſophy they may proceed leiſurely from the Hiſtory of Meteors, Minerals, plants and living Creatures as far as Anatomy. Then alſo in courſe might be read to them out of ſome not tedious Writer the Inſtitution of Phyſick; that they may know the tempers, the humours, the ſeaſons, and how to manage a crudity: which he who can wiſely and timely do, is not only a great Phyſitian to himſelf, and to his friends, but alſo may at ſome time or other, ſave an Army by this frugal and expenſeleſs means only; and not let the healthy and ſtout bodies of young men rot away

away under him for want of this diſcipline; which is a great pity, and no leſs a ſhame to the Commander. To ſet forward all theſe proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as ſhal be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fiſhermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other ſciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomiſts; who doubtleſs would be ready ſome for reward, and ſome to favour ſuch a hopeful Seminary. And this will give them ſuch a real tincture of natural knowledge, as they ſhall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then alſo thoſe Poets which are now counted moſt hard, will be both facil and pleaſant, *Orpheus*, *Heſiod*, *Theocritus*, *Aratus*, *Nicander*, *Oppian*, *Dionyſius*, and in Latin *Lucretius*, *Manilius*, and the rural part of *Virgil*.

By this time, years and good general precepts will have furniſht them more diſtinctly with that act of reaſon which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proaireſis*: that they may with ſome judgement contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be requir'd a ſpecial reinforcement of conſtant and ſound endoctrinating to ſet them right and firm, inſtructing them more amply in the knowledge of Vertue and the hatred of

Vice: while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, *Laertius*, and those *Locrian* remnants; but still to be reduc't in their nightward studies wherewith they close the dayes work, under the determinate sentence of *David* or *Salomon*, or the Evanges and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of Economics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholsome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, Greek, Latin, or *Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of Houshold matters, as *Trachiniæ*, *Alcestis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the study of *Politicks*; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of Political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous fit of the Common-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellers have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best warrant by *Moses*; and as far as humane

mane prudence can be truſted, in thoſe extoll'd remains of Grecian Law-givers, *Licurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*, and thence to all the Roman *Edicts* and Tables with their *Juſtinian*; and ſo down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundayes alſo and every evening may be now underſtandingly ſpent in the higheſt matters of *Theology*, and Church Hiſtory ancient and modern: and ere this time the Hebrew Tongue at a ſet hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own orginal; whereto it would be no impoſſibility to add the *Chaldey*, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all theſe employments are well conquer'd, then will the choiſe Hiſtories, *Heroic Poems*, and *Attic* Tragedies of ſtatelieſt and moſt regal argument, with all the famous Political Orations offer themſelves; which if they were not only read; but ſome of them got by memory, and ſolemnly pronounc't with right accent, and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the ſpirit and vigor of *Demoſthenes* or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*. And now laſtly will be the time to read with them thoſe organic arts which inable men to diſcourſe and write perſpicuouſly, elegantly, and according to the fitted ſtile of lofty, mean,

or lowly. Logic therefore so much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due place withall her well coucht Heads and Topics, untill it be time to open her contracted palm into a gracefull and ornate Rhetorick taught out of the rule of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalereus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less suttle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotles Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian* Commentaries of *Castelvetro*, *Tasso*, *Mazzoni*, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true *Epic* Poem, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our comm Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in divine and humane things. From hence and not till now will be the right season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things.

things. Or whether they be to ſpeak in Parliament or Counſel, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then alſo appear in Pulpits other Viſages, other geſtures, and ſtuff otherwiſe wrought then what we now ſit under, oft times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. Theſe are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to beſtow their time in a diſciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unleſs they rely more upon their anceſtors dead, then upon themſelves living. In which methodical courſe it is ſo ſuppos'd they muſt proceed by the ſteddy pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memories ſake to retire back into the middle ward, and ſometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, untill they have confirm'd, and ſolidly united the whole body of their perfeted knowledge, like the laſt embattelling of a Roman Legion. Now will be worth the ſeeing what Exerciſes and Recreations may beſt agree, and become theſe Studies.

Their Exerciſe.

The courſe of Study hitherto briefly deſcrib'd, is, what I can gueſs by reading, likeſt

to thoſe ancient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Iſocrates*, *Ariſtotle* and ſuch others, out of which were bred up ſuch a number of renowned Philoſophers, Orators, Hiſtorians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Aſia*, beſides the flouriſhing Studies of *Cyrene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it ſhall exceed them, and ſupply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth moſt for War, and theſe in their Academies and *Lycæum*, all for the Gown, this inſtitution of breeding which I here delineate, ſhall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon ſhould be allow'd them for exerciſe and due reſt afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleaſure, according as their riſing in the morning ſhall be early. The Exerciſe which I commend firſt, is the exact uſe of their Weapon, to guard and to ſtrike ſafely with edge, or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, ſtrong, and well in breath, is alſo the likelieſt means to make them grow large and tall, and to inſpire them with a gallant and fearleſs courage, which being temper'd with ſeaſonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a

native and heroick valour, and make them hate the cowardiſe of doing wrong. They muſt be alſo practiz'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wraſtling, wherein Engliſh men were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to cloſe. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their ſingle ſtrength. The interim of unſweating themſelves regularly, and convevenient reſt before meat may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and compoſing their travail'd ſpirits with the ſolemn and divine harmonies of Muſick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organiſt* plies his grave and fancied deſcant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well ſtudied chords of ſome choice Compoſer; ſometimes the Lute, or ſoft Organ ſtop waiting on elegant Voices either to Religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which if wiſe men and Prophets be not extreamly out, have a great power over diſpoſitions and manners, to ſmooth and make them gentle from ruſtick harſhneſs and diſtemper'd paſſions. The like alſo would not be unexpedient after Meat to aſſiſt and cheriſh Nature in her firſt concoction, and ſend their minds back to ſtudy in good

tune and ſatisfaction. Where having follow'd it cloſe under vigilant eyes till about two hours before ſupper, they are by a ſudden alarum or watch word, to be call'd out to their military motions, under skie or covert, according to the ſeaſon, as was the Roman wont; firſt on foot, then as their age permits, on Horſeback, to all the Art of Cavalry; That having in ſport, but with much exactneſs, and daily muſter, ſerv'd out the rudiments of their Souldierſhip in all the skill of Embattelling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Beſieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern ſtratagems, *Tacticks* and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the ſervice of their Country. They would not then, if they were truſted with fair and hopeful armies, ſuffer them for want of juſt and wiſe diſcipline to ſhed away from about them like ſick feathers, though they be never ſo oft ſuppli'd: they would not ſuffer their empty and unrecrutible Colonels of twenty men in a Company to quaff out, or convey into ſecret hoards, the wages of a deluſive liſt, and a miſerable remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-maſter'd with a ſcore or two of drunkards, the only ſouldery left about them, or elſe

elſe to comply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that knowledge that belongs to good men or good Governours, they would not ſuffer theſe things. But to return to our own inſtitute, beſides theſe conſtant exerciſes at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleaſure it ſelf abroad; In thoſe vernal ſeaſons of the year, when the air is calm and pleaſant, it were an injury and ſullenneſs againſt nature not to go out, and ſee her riches, and partake in her rejoycing with Heaven and Earth. I ſhould not therefore be a perſwader to them of ſtudying much then, after two or three year that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and ſtaid Guides, to all the quarters of the Land: learning and obſerving all places of ſtrength, all commodities of building and of ſoil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there alſo what they can in the practical knowledge of ſailing and of Sea-fight. Theſe ways would try all their peculiar gifts of Nature, and if there were any ſecret excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it ſelf by, which could

not

not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired Vertues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monsieurs* of *Paris* to take our hopefull Youth into their slight and prodigal custodies and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes and Kicshoes. But if they desire to see other Countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate I suppose is out of controversie. Thus Mr. *Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several

veral times I had discourst with you concerning the best and Noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope, many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a Bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*, yet I am withall perswaded that it may prove much more easie in the assay, then it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult then I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

THE END.

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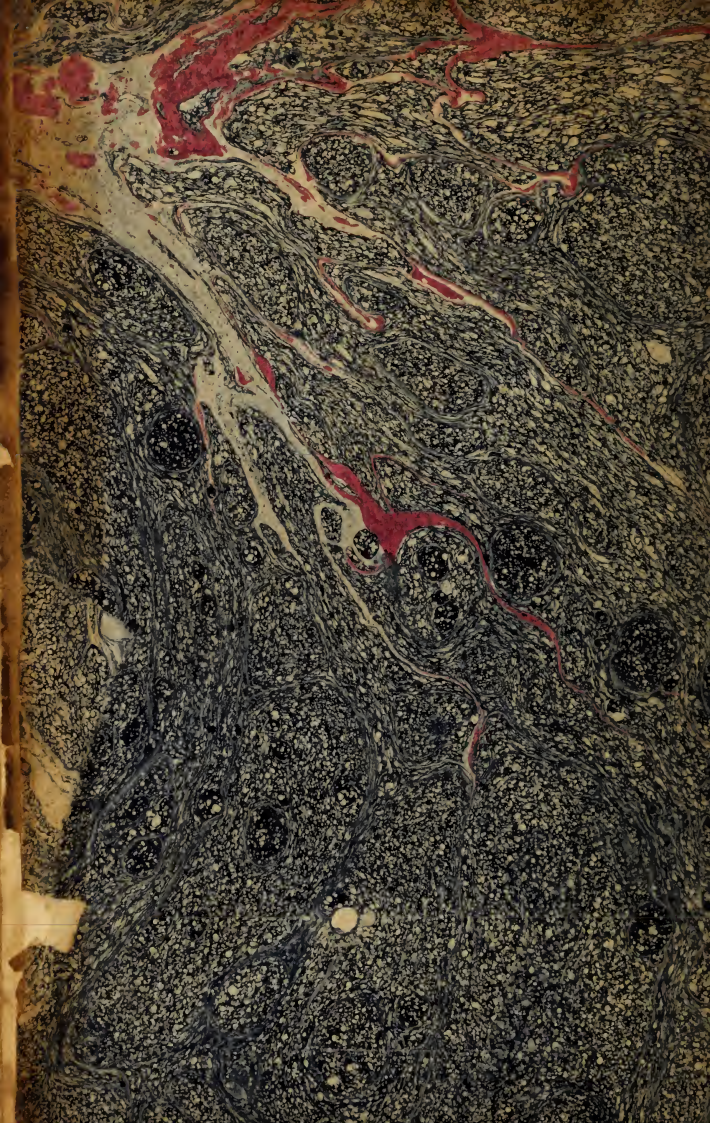

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